

The Pensacola Journal

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PUBLISHED EVERY MORNING EXCEPT MONDAY.

THE JOURNAL COMPANY.

FRANK L. MAYES, PRESIDENT AND GENERAL MANAGER.

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Offices—108 and 110 East Government Street.
TELEPHONE NO. 38.

PENSACOLA, FLORIDA, SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1905.

White Democratic Ticket.

For Mayor: CHAS. H. BLISS.
For Marshal: C. F. SCHAD.
For Tax-Collector: JNO. CARY WHITING.
For Treasurer: WM. G. DAILEY.
For Aldermen at Large: Precinct 12—CHAS. H. GINGLES.
Precinct 15—WM. HAYS.
For Precinct Aldermen: Precinct 12—A. H. D'ALEMBERT.
Precinct 13—P. K. YONGE.
Precinct 14—JAS. McHUGH.
Precinct 15—W. B. WRIGHT.

The Cossack is a terror all right enough, but only in St. Petersburg and Warsaw.

The bears of Colorado will be due a day of thanksgiving after Monday or Tuesday.

Wonder if the International Railway Congress has nerve enough to tackle the rebate question?

New style in jail breaking in vogue in California. Negro kicked a hole in the wall of the lone prison and walked off.

The Bear editor of the Mobile Herald is the undisputed champion. He should be assigned to duty with the valiant Teddy.

THE "EVENING NEWSPAPER" AS SEEN BY CHICAGO CHRONICLE.

For several years, our evening contemporary, the Daily News, has regularly, studiously, and assiduously quoted and endorsed the political opinions of the Chicago Chronicle. The Journal has never been able to find anything to approve in those opinions, but it has at last noted an expression on another subject in its big Chicago contemporary which it does approve, unreservedly. It is contained in an editorial entitled "The Evening Newspaper," which reads as follows:

It is called a "newspaper" by courtesy. It should be spoken of as the evening miscellany or the evening fake. Of a newspaper it neither has nor can have any of the attributes. How can it be a newspaper when the whole solar system is working to prevent it? Nine-tenths of the important news of the world matures between noon and midnight. Even if it has its inception in the forenoon it is not complete or fully understood until late in the afternoon.

How, then, can a paper that goes to press at 2 o'clock and that must be made up an hour earlier be a newspaper? It may call itself a "5 o'clock edition," but this does not alter the case. This little plesantry is good-naturedly discomfited and conduced by an indulgent public.

How does the evening newspaper look in the morning newspaper of the next morning? Its paragraphs are expanded to columns and its column stories are reduced to paragraphs. Why is this? Because it has been unable in the first case to get the real news in time to print it, and because, in the second case, its full-length story is generally a fabrication. It can not be blamed for not accomplishing impossibilities, but it ought not to call itself a newspaper.

The life of the so-called evening newspaper is its market report and its sporting edition. Without these it would suspend publication at once, and both of them are mangled and imperfect reports or downright fakes. The person who has read them waits anxiously for the morning newspaper to learn the real truth about them.

As there is properly speaking, no such thing as an evening newspaper, there is of course no influential evening newspaper. There are probably two evening journals in this country—one in Boston and one in New York—which may be called influential, and these contain the least "news" of any of them and are simply able and brilliant journals of criticism. They hardly claim to be newspapers. What sort of newspaper do "the statesmen, the politician, the lawyer, the merchant, the broker, the society

man and the sportsman read? Do they take the evening fake seriously or do they bank on the morning newspaper? How long would they last if they planned their faith to the 2 o'clock vacuity?

The heavenly bodies, which have forbidden such a thing as an evening newspaper, are leagued together to make the morning newspaper the great event of every day. For its pages the important news, all of which culminates during the afternoon and early evening, is garnered, weeded out and composed by midnight, after which there are six hours in which this half of the world sleeps and little real news develops and in which the wonderful story of the preceding day is printed and distributed.

This is the genuine newspaper. The sheets that are flying around the streets all the day long with the headlines in three-inch type, printed in red, yellow or green, announcing the sudden death of thousands of people, the burning of entire cities and dreadful scandals in the best society—what are they? It would be flattery to call them a mere pretense or a fake. They are journalistic billboards and nuisances.

IN CHICAGO AND ELSEWHERE. You've heard about the man behind, The man behind the gun, And by his mighty valor how The battle's always won.

You've heard about his gallantry On board the battle ships; You've heard his praises heralded By everybody's lips.

All honor to the sailor bold! Our hats off to the tars! But the man behind the "gun" should be—The man behind the bars.—Paul Cook, in Birmingham Age-Herald.

British Museum Dome.

The reading room of the British museum is crowned by a spacious dome, which is about thirty feet wider than that of St. Paul's cathedral. It is 140 feet in diameter, and with its 60,000 superficial feet of glass, springs more than 100 feet in height. Neither St. Peter's at Rome nor Santa Maria at Florence is a match to it. It is larger by forty-five feet than the dome of the capitol at Washington, by thirty-five feet than that of Darmstadt cathedral, by thirty-three feet than that of St. Sophia, Constantinople, and spreads sixteen feet further than the concave roof of the tomb of Mohammed Adil Shah at Bijapur.

The Man Who Is In Earnest.

The vital necessity for the qualities of inspiration, reality and magnetism was brought home to me when I was a schoolboy adding at college functions. I saw speakers who came forward and who—well, just spoke so many words. Then would come an orator, a man who acted the part, who lived the part, who was the part because he believed it, and so swept the people off their feet.—J. P. Sousa in London Interview.

One Occupation Less.

A visitor at a small resort on the coast, says the Cincinnati Commercial Tribune, asked one of the men whom he saw at the village store what he did all summer.

"Loaf and fish," replied the native. "What do you do in the winter?" continued the inquiring visitor.

"We don't fish!"

His Prescription Failed.

Doctor (after the diagnosis)—Apparently your system is run down from nervousness superinduced by loss of sleep. My advice would be for you to try sleeping on your left side awhile. Fair Patient—But, doctor, I am slightly deaf in my right ear—and my husband talks in his sleep.—New York Times.

Gladstone's Unpopularity.

Gladstone was not beloved. He was an institution. How can one love an institution? A member told me that he asked another Liberal why he disliked Gladstone. The reply was—"Oh, he is always so in the right!"—From M. D. Conway's "Autobiography."

Gold's Gliding Effect.

"That fellow is a perfect boor." "So-sh! He's worth \$4,000,000." "That so? Well, as I was saying, he's a man of marked individuality."—Pittsburgh Post.

The Change.

Fred—She isn't the pretty girl she used to be, Arthur—is that so? Fred—Yes. Her father lost all his money speculating.

The Shortcomings Of the Cultured

By WILLIAM J. BRYAN

HERE are enormous wrongs in methods that are sometimes CONSIDERED respectable. Look at the great swindling operations in city banks. There are cases of bank burglary by officials far worse than those for which men serve terms in Sing Sing. People trust the great names of finance and are robbed by FRAUDULENT FLUCTUATIONS caused by watered stock. It is too true that the cultured assume themselves to be superior to their brothers and begrudge small advantages to even the less cultured. The greatest indictment against the cultured is not that they do wrong openly or willfully, but because THEY STAND IDLE IN THE VINEYARD and do not use their powers for helpful service. The trouble is that the colleges do too much to educate the mind and not the heart.

I have never intentionally said anything that could be construed as arraying class against class. I do not believe that there are TWO classes in heaven, and so why can't the two classes get together here on earth?

The scholar must be something more than a simple MENTAL MACHINE. The humblest human being is greater than the greatest statue. I am not a pessimist and see today better things and better times coming.

THE TIDE TOWARD THE GREAT ASSOCIATIONS OF WEALTH IS TURNING, AND THE LIGHT OF A BETTER DAY IS DAWNING. HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE THERE IS AN AWAKENING OF THE CIVIC CONSCIENCE.

Men and Measures Discussed.

Special to the Times-Union.

Tallahassee—The Leon was packed to the doors last night, and at supper time every seat in the large dining room was occupied and the "S. R. O." sign might well have been hung out by Manager Duke. Many had come to take in the ceremonies incident to the return of the battle flags, and, as for the others—what do people come to Tallahassee for during a session of the legislature anyhow?

A notable figure among the crowd in the lobby of the Leon last night was Captain W. D. Ballentine, of Ferdinand, who, in 1897, represented Nassau county in the legislature, and who could have been coming back as a member ever since, had he had any appetite for that sort of thing. The captain is here this time in the interest of a bill appropriating \$2,000 for the Confederate Veterans' Home at Jacksonville, the only institution of the kind in the state, by the way, and one which deserves all and more than is asked for it. This meritorious measure will be introduced in the house by Captain J. B. Johnston, of Deale City, and in the senate by Mr. Stockton. It could hardly have been committed to better hands.

When Frank Mayes, of The Journal, told Captain Ballentine last night that he should have gone over to Pensacola with the Daughters of the Confederacy, who are now holding their annual reunion there, the grizzled veteran pleaded his bill as an excuse, and added: "I ran an engine out of your city, sir, as long ago as 1857, but have not been there since 1891. I went to the front from Pensacola when the Civil War broke out, and nothing would have pleased me better than to have gone over and met those of my old comrades who are still in the land of the living."

Among the Pensacola men who served with Captain Ballentine in those dark and bloody days is Judge Frank Maura, who is known far and near for the perfection of his chowder, chicken

gumbo, and other delectable Pensacola dishes. The captain, in speaking of the battle of Gettysburg, said that when Company A of one of the Florida regiments was called upon to surrender, Frank Maura was the only man left in the ranks to obey the order of a fair performer. Early in the evening all of the others were dead or missing or scattered. The story goes that when the word was given, Frank threw down his gun, crying out with a laugh, "Company A surrenders."

The everlasting bubble of politics in the Leon lobby was broken into last night by the unexpected strain of music that issued from the parlor, where the grand piano was doing a few stunts under the skillful manipulation of a fair performer. Early in the evening Signor P. Murphy rendered several selections in his best manner, and was at the end of each song received with a salvo of applause that awoke the night clerk from his fond dream of Panacea Springs. Later on several others "obliged," as the music hall masters of ceremonies have it. One select group at the piano, which started out with an operatic selection and ended with Hiawatha, comprised, among others, such celebrities as Tom Wier, Miss Jessie Bell and Mr. Reynolds, of Key West. Colonel Wier, in particular, was observed to sing with great abandon and a far-away "Greater Tampa" expression in his eyes.

Talking of Key West, the delegation from that part of the world that has been here for some time, nursing that East Coast extension bill, was all smiles and fat cigars last night. As one man put it: "If I could only be as happy for ten minutes as Reynolds looks to be all the time, I wouldn't ask anything else."

The new newspaper libel law bill, having been licked into shape, will probably be introduced to-day. Messrs. Mayes and L'Engle together with Peter Knight, who represents Wallace Stallon in the matter, have sat in judgment on the bill which, it is understood, will be handled in the house by Mr. Avery, of Pensacola. The senate manager had not been decided upon last night. The new act is considered a great improvement upon the present law and has the support of the newspaper fraternity throughout the state.

A heavy rain fell here yesterday afternoon. It was badly needed by the farmers, but those who are not farmers, but "statesmen," as it were, found it anything but agreeable to be penned up in the hotel all day in a dull town. Several riding parties were, to my personal knowledge, broken up by this very rain.

The Hon. D. U. Fletcher, who has been here for several days, returned to Jacksonville today. James E. Alexander came in from the Wilds of Volusia yesterday, and a number of people from the same county are here also, interested, it is said, in a compulsory education bill. Both the drainage message and the state insurance bill are booked to go in to-day, and from now on both houses are likely to be kept busy.

"Is your husband a very generous man?"

"Indeed he is. You remember those nice cigars I gave him for a birthday present? Well, he only smoked one and gave the rest to his friends."—Pick-Me-Up.

A Long One.

"Mamma, is this the ship we're going over in?" "Yes, Willie." "Huh! You said it was an ocean greyhound. This ain't a greyhound. It's a dachshund."—Chicago Tribune.

New Field For Dictionaries. Mrs. Ella Mentary writes to a department store for a dictionary of convenient size and scope to be used in bed. Her husband has recently taken to the use of long words in his sleep talk.—Lincoln's Magazine.

Ayer's

Hair Vigor. Losing your hair? And doing nothing to stop it? Don't you know that Ayer's Hair Vigor promptly checks falling hair? It certainly does. And it restores color, also.

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by taking advantage of our easy payment plan. It puts the furniture that you want right in your home and lets you pay small amounts weekly or monthly, if you wish, while using it. Our summer furniture, matting and rug stock was never fuller or prettier than now. Drop in to-day.

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Political Announcements. CITY ELECTION CANDIDATES.

FOR MAYOR. I announce myself as a candidate for office of Mayor, at election to be held June 6th.
R. M. ROBINSON.

FOR MAYOR. The friends of C. J. Shine announce him as a candidate for mayor at the city election June 6, and they ask the support of all voters on that date.

FOR CITY TAX COLLECTOR. I hereby announce myself as a candidate for re-election to the office of tax collector of the city of Pensacola and ask the support of all voters at the city election.
NEILS McK. OERTING.

FOR CITY TREASURER. I hereby announce myself a candidate for City Treasurer, in the city election of June 6, 1905.
MANSFIELD MORENO.

For City Marshal. I hereby announce that I am a candidate for City Marshal at the election to be held June 6, 1905. I respectfully ask the support of all voters.
FRANK WILDE.

For City Treasurer. I hereby announce myself as a candidate for re-election to the office of City Treasurer and ask the support of all voters at the city election to be held June 6th.
JOS. I. JOHNSON.

FOR ALDERMAN, PRECINCT 13. I hereby announce that I will be a candidate for re-election to the office of precinct alderman from Precinct No. 13 at the city election in June, and ask the suffrage of the voters.
O. M. PRYOR.

For Alderman, Precinct 12. I hereby announce myself as a candidate for re-election as alderman at large from Precinct No. 12, at the city election to be held in June, and ask the support of the voters in the city.
W. L. MOYER.

DAILY SCHEDULE

For Steam Division

PENSACOLA ELECTRIC TERMINAL

RAILWAY CO.

Trains leave Pensacola for the Little

Bayou, Big Bayou, Warrington,

Navy Yard, and Fort

Barrancas at—

7:15am ar Ft. Barrancas 7:55am

9:50am ar Ft. Barrancas 10:30am

12:50pm ar Ft. Barrancas 1:30pm

3:50pm ar Ft. Barrancas 4:30pm

8:15pm ar Ft. Barrancas 7:00pm

*8:10pm ar Ft. Barrancas *8:50pm

*Saturdays only.

Trains leave Fort Barrancas for

Pensacola at—

8:00am ar Pensacola 8:40pm

11:00am ar Pensacola 11:40am

11:00pm ar Pensacola 11:40pm

5:15pm ar Pensacola 5:55pm

7:00pm ar Pensacola 7:40pm

*9:00pm ar Pensacola 9:40pm

*Saturdays only.

SUNDAY SCHEDULE

Electric car will leave Pensacola

every hour from 5 a. m. to 10 p. m.

inclusive, and Sunday night only at

11 p. m. and leave Big Bayou for

Pensacola every hour, at 7:20, 8:30

and so on until 10:30 p. m., with the

exception of the first car leaving Pen-

sacola at 6 a. m., which will, on re-

turning, leave the Big Bayou at 8:20

a. m. and the 2 p. m. running through

to the Big Bayou, and immediately re-

turning from Big Bayou to Palmetto

Beach will await arrival of steam

train from Pensacola and will then

run to Pensacola ahead of the train

from Fort Barrancas.

The steam trains will run as at

present, but will observe this electric

car schedule and will work in connec-

tion with it.

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points.

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